Thou haſt cald me all theſe bitter names,
Q.Mar, Why ſo I did,but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret.*
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Q.Mar. Poore painted Queene,vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou Sugar on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly webbe inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poyſoned bunch-backt Toade,
Haſt. Falſe boaſting woman, end thy franticke curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.
Q.Mar. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd,you would be taught your duty.
Q.Mar. To ſerue me well,you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects,
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her,ſhe is lunatique.
Q.Mar. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what 'twere to looſe it, and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high,haue mighty blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh them to pieces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it,learne it Marqueſſe.
Dorſ, It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea,and much more, but I was borne ſo high.
Our Aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde,and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q.Mar. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade,alas, alas.
Witneſſe my ſunne,now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe fou[l]ded vp:
Your Aiery buildeth in our Aieries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood,loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Q.Mar. Vrge neyther charity nor ſhame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butch
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rag
Buck. Haue done.
Q.Mar. O princely *Buckingham,* I will k
In ſigne of league and amity with thee,
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houſ
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor none heere, for curſes neuer paſ
The lips of them that breath them in the a
Q.Mar. Ile not beleeue but they aſſend
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping pea
O *Buckingham,* beware of yonder dogge,
Looke when he fawnes he bites,and when h
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne,death,and hell,hath ſet their markes o
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhee ſay my Lord of *Buc*
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gratious
Q.Mar, What doſt thou ſcorne me for m
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee fron
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſor
And ſay,poore *Margret* was a Propheteſſe,
Liue each of you, the ſubiect of his hate,
And he to you,and all of you to God.
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand an end to hea
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at
Glo. I cannot blame her,by Gods holy m
Shee hath had too much wrong, and I repe
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my knowle
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of thi
I was too hotte to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking on it now:
Marry as for *Clarence,* hee is well repayd,